

MAINE'S PEOPLE IN PERSPECTIVE

# Bitter Sweet

ONE DOLLAR

VOL. SIX, NO. SIX  
JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THREE



Killdeer by Skip Churchill

**BACK TO NATURE:**  
Bird Photos • Backpacking  
Bass Fishing  
Gardening • Cookouts

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•  
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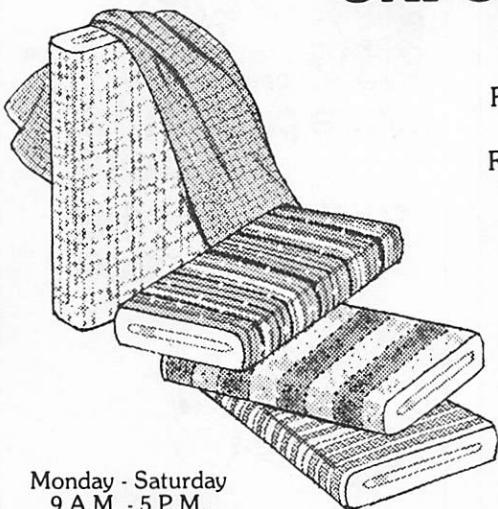
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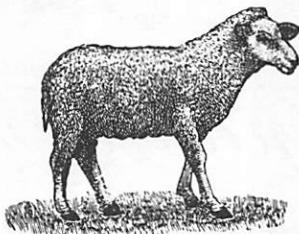
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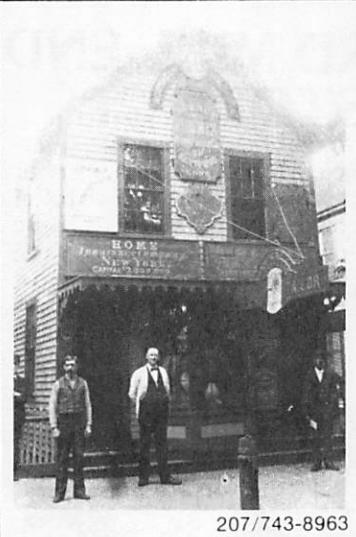
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**Cover:** by Skip Churchill of Hebron. Photos by Skip will be the first exhibit of the summer at Western Maine Art Group, Matolcsy Center, Norway. Hrs. Tues.-Sat. 10-3. July 5-16.

## GOINGS ON

**Maine State Building & All Soul's Chapel,** Poland Spring, open through June on Sat. & Sun. 10-4. (July-Sept. open Fri.-Mon. 10-4.) National Register of Historic Places. Poland Spring Preservation Society, Donations.

**June 1-July 15:** Watercolors by Gary Hoyle, Learning Resources Center, U.M. Augusta. Call 622-7131, ext. 222 for times.

**Used Book Sale,** No. Bridgton Public Library, Rt. 37, from June 25-Sept. 3, every Weds. 7-8 p.m.; Sat. 10-2.

**Opening Exhibitions,** Charles Shipman Payson Building, Portland Museum of Art. Through Sept. James Brooks, Paintings & Works on Paper, 1946-1982; Maine Light, Temperas by Andrew Wyeth; Winslow Homer Collection; Wood Engravings by Winslow Homer; Works



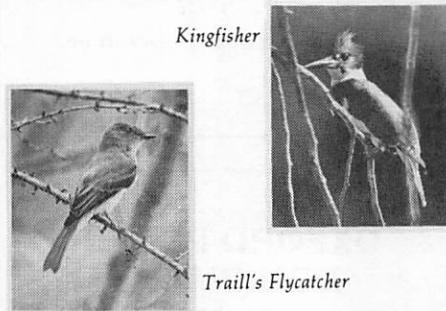
Other Churchill photos  
Broad Winged Hawk

from the permanent Maine Collection; American Glass, 1780-1930. Hrs. Tues.-Sat. 10-5; Thurs. evenings until 9 p.m.; Sun. 12-5. Closed Mon. Admission: Adults \$2.00, Sr. Citizens & Students \$1.00, Children 16 & under 75¢; Group Rate \$1.50; Members, School Groups, Thurs. evenings 5-9 Free.

**Bates College Dance Festival:** June 12-July 1, Lewiston. Master classes, workshops, performances by David Gordon, Monica Morris, Gary Chryst, Christine Sarry, Suzanne Levy & Jacques d'Amboise. All levels. More information: call Frank Wicks at (207) 782-1730 or 784-2357.

**Maine State Museum:** *12,000 Years in Maine* will focus on graphic display & audio-visual presentations of Maine native basket-making and excavated paleo-Indian site. Mural of Aziscohos Hunting Region, 11,000 yrs. ago. Augusta, next to the state capitol.

**Motorcycle Events:** June 5, Charity Poker Run, Portland; Moto-X, Skowhegan. June 12, Poker Run, Mechanic Falls, Moto-X, Waterboro. June 19, Moto-X, Skowhegan. June 25, Spring Bash, Bethel. For more information: Carl Johnson, RFD #1, Box 530, New Sharon 04955. (207) 778-2524.



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Traill's Flycatcher

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# Ayah

letters to the editor

## 8 MILES FROM CAMDEN

Since we moved here seven years ago, very few people from our former area (Oxford County) know where Lincolnville is. Our usual response is, "Eight miles from Camden." I was very surprised to see the picture (pg. 13) in your April issue showing Lincolnville's Tranquility Grange. However, Waldo was given as the town. As the two towns are 25 miles apart, I thought Mr. Fulton might like to know this for the record. No wonder no one knows where Lincolnville is!

Mrs. Thomas Hickey  
Lincolnville

## WISHES & DESIRES

Our patrons like your publications, and we like to satisfy their desires in our purchases. It is a real pleasure to have a good, locally-oriented publication like *BitterSweet*. Keep right on!

Sally M. MacAuslan  
Brigton Public Library

I am so pleased to have come upon your magazine this past October when my husband and I vacationed in Norway.

Rebecca S. Thomas  
Luray, Virginia

You are coming along nicely! Extend for one year. Check enclosed!

Roy Lundgren  
Oxford

Your publication is like a breath from home. I read each issue from cover to cover and enjoy every bit of it.

Merle F. Robinson  
Largo, Florida

## BEAR MT.

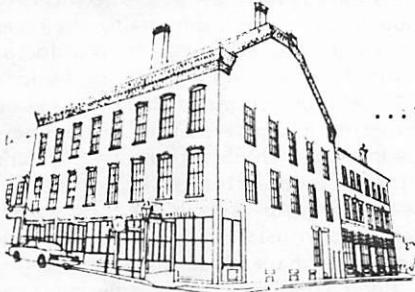
The "Can You Place It" in the current issue of *BitterSweet* I believe is the Harrison road as you come into South Waterford. The mountain in the picture is Bear Mt., known by its two cracks up the front. The smaller crack of the two can be seen just to the left of the larger one.

*BitterSweet* is an excellent magazine. It's nice to have a publication of our area. Thank you for *BitterSweet*.

Donna Marie Dillon  
Norway

**Ed. Note:** Emma Pitts and Winifred Merrill, both of Harrison, also identified the "Can You Place It" photo from March. This regular feature, identifying old photographs of the area, will not be in the next few issues of the magazine, due to a shortage of space and a shortage of old photos. We hope to restore it soon, and will continue to feature historical material.

# SHELTER INSTITUTE



... where Pat & Patsy Hennin are forging a bright path into the future.

*knows but if men constructed their dwellings with their own hands and provided food for themselves and families simply and honestly enough, the poetic faculty would be universally developed, as birds universally sing when they are so engaged? . . . Shall we forever resign the pleasure of construction to the carpenter?"*

*"There is some of the same fitness in man's building his own house that there is in a bird's building its own nest. Who*

*—Henry David Thoreau*

In 1845, Thoreau recognized this basic delight in his now-famous book, *Walden*, and in the cabin he built himself on the banks of the pond by that name. In this modern-day world of specialized occupations (at specialized fees), however, most people have not felt competent or able to build their own dwellings—and yet, the urge has never disappeared.

The Shelter Institute of Bath was established for just this purpose: demystifying the techniques of building. Ten years ago, Pat Hennin, a man trained as a lawyer but raised on a nursery/construction company farm, had an idea. He and his wife Patsy, a teacher, opened an innovative owner/builder school with two classes a year. Six thousand graduates have since passed through the school, and at least three thousand houses have been built or renovated.

"People had no idea when we started that building could be cheaper than any other way of getting place to live," Patsy told us. "They just assumed a trailer would be cheaper. But people should know that, for the same given value, you can build up equity in your own house, and not owe money to anyone."

An idealistic dream? The Hennins are idealistic people. But they are also energetic and practical, and so they have made the dream come true.

The Shelter Institute of Bath, by its own statement, "teaches you to understand the basic physical principles behind each system of the house so that you can learn to design, to refit, or to build

houses to best meet the needs of the climate, the site, the times, the materials available, and your individual priorities."

This is not a simple course. There are 60-70 hours of technical lectures on such things as climate, heat concepts, engineering, site, plumbing, electricity, framing, insulation and sheathing. There are specific courses in design and 30 hours of elective practical skills workshops . . . as well as professional consultation over your plans and on your site. Should it be desirable, other students can help you in a shared building experience.

Much has been said about the "Shelter Institute style"—an apparent slur on what might obviously be an owner-built home. In fact, nothing could be further from the truth. The institute exists to give you choices. A course on "Foundations" tells you about 14 different types and their applicability to different soils, climates, and tastes. Design courses teach you to look at the influence of environment, family, and neighborhood on the style of house you build.

Engineering and Physics of Materials courses show you how to calculate the size of beams and type of materials you will want for the loads and forces.

Professionals take this course—that's how thorough it is. The Norwegian and Japanese governments have sent their architects there. "We have people at all levels," Patsy Hennin stresses, "professional builders alongside teachers—and the full socio-economic range.

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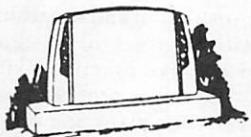
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"You may have a couple who wants to build a \$4000 log cabin, using the trees on their land, sitting next to a doctor from Kansas who's going to build a \$52,000 solar home . . . It's been a good experience for these adults to meet new people who think differently." That's obvious from letters tacked up on the walls—from people all over the world, telling enthusiastically about the progress they have made since leaving.

Over 70% build their homes eventually. But anyone who has taken the course is thinking about and using spaces differently, the Hennins agree. There are other advantages to graduates, too: discounts on supplies and tools sold by the Shelter Institute and its excellent Woodbutcher Tools store (and there are plenty of materials there, from plumbing and electrical supplies to window coverings and Riteway stoves). Further consultation time with Pat is available later on, at \$15/half-hour.

Analysis and choice are the guiding forces behind Shelter Institute—as well as the knowledge imparted by the courses. "There are no definitive answers to any problem," Patsy says, "The answer is 'For what purpose?' There is no best—all possibilities are explored until you find the one that suits the way you want to live."

Self-sufficiency is another goal—freedom from mortgages and the knowledge, as the many books they sell, of how to do anything from designing a wind generator to delivering a goat, should you want to know. It's a goal the Hennins obviously believe we all can achieve. A sign on the wall of the sunny, busy, Haydn-filled store says: "Great architecture not only shelters people, it soothes their souls."

What's next? The Hennins have already sold their own latest owner-built home and moved their family (including two teenagers and a little girl, Blueberry) to a tract of land nearby. They are fixing up an old farmhouse while making plans for a Shelter Institute campus. Someday soon, students will build demonstration buildings there which will give them a place to live while they study. There seems to be a bright path of practical idealism forging into the future for the Shelter Institute. N.M.

*A Sportsman's Diary*  
by Emery Santerre

### BASS FISHING

It was in 1944, while on leave from the Army, that Viv, my bride of a few months, and I took a trip to my home in Maine. My parents had moved since I went into the Army and I was not familiar with the ponds and lakes in that area, but had fished one near-by pond a few times on previous visits.

Early Sunday morning Viv and I started down the trail that led to the boat-landing. Dew-laden leaves on low-hanging branches dumped their wet loads on us as we walked the narrow path.

I scanned the pond eagerly as we stepped from the trees lining the shore. A steamy mist was rising slowly from the water. Visibility was poor, but the water looked very fishable indeed! Here and there the surface was broken by the widening rings caused by surface-feeding fish.

I fetched the pair of oars from my private hiding place and unlocked the boat while Viv assembled the landing net and stowed our equipment aboard.

We shoved off—gliding smoothly over the mirror-like water. So tranquil was the morning that even our subdued voices, the rhythmic dipping of the oars and the soft gurgling of the boat slicing through the lily-pads sounded discordant.

Reaching the little cove where we were to begin operations, we swapped seats. I removed a half-dozen plugs from the compartments of my tackle box and hung them on the side of the boat within easy reach—Crazy Crawler, Plunker, Flatfish, Pickie-minnow, River Runt, Jitter-bug—all tried and true favorites. Each one had caught fish in the past and bore the scars of frequent use—symbols of the confidence I had in their effectiveness. I hoped to see that confidence repaid within the hour!

Whipping the rod experimentally a few times, I gave it a snap and sent the plug sailing on its way. It landed with a plop in the desired spot. I waited until the rings raised by the plug had subsided, then retrieved it slowly in erratic spurts, stopping for a second or so every few feet. I



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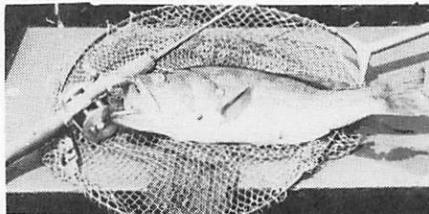
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tried my best to make the plug act like a nervous, exhausted, little creature, struggling to escape the danger that lurks in the weeds.

I stood up, puffed hard at my pipe to calm my ragged nerves, then made the cast. The plug sped true, slowed down over the target area and dropped into the water quietly. I reeled in the slack, and with a series of short, smart twitches of the rod-tip, made the little lure wriggle appealingly. It splashed and darted with reckless abandon, and wham! The water erupted as savage jaws engulfed it!

The rod bent in a dangerously sharp arc but everything held. Taken by surprise, the bass had no chance to foul the line. Before he knew what had happened, he was over a clean sandy bottom, devoid of snags and shelter. The odds were now in our favor! Darts, twists, rolls, jumps and long runs made the reel hum—all were included in his repertoire. The runs grew shorter, the struggles weaker, bringing him ever closer to the waiting net. Finally, the gallant old fellow could battle no more and he rolled on his side. A swift dip of the net and our prize was secure. I slipped a



his 19" fish finger into his gill, removed the hook and laid him in the bottom of the boat.

Now, it was Viv's turn to try her luck and she was equally as successful, landing one that was almost an identical twin of our first fish.

The sun was getting unpleasantly warm and the bass in the shallows would be even harder to find, slipping into deep holes; and since these two were sufficient for our modest needs, we agreed to call it a day and headed the boat back towards the landing.

After beaching the boat, we took pictures of our catch. I put the oars back in the hiding place and collected our tackle, heading up the path for home.

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**NORWAY LAKE: THE PLACE TO BE!**

*Food For Thought*  
by Lucia Owen



**The Pump and The Steak**

We don't sacrifice virgins at the summer solstice any more. Sometimes I think the ancients knew the score better than we do. Not that I advocate sacrificing people, or even wreathed and lowing heifers. But surely there are times we all feel the need to placate whatever dark deities blight our plans and haunt our tasks. A well-placed libation to the resident spirits might not be out of place. I know there's something in my kitchen that occasionally keeps the bread from rising or hides the can of nutmeg. I understand why folks used to put out bowls of milk for the Brownies. It might not hurt.

One rite of spring that always demands sacrifice is hooking up the water system at the camp. That sacrifice is right in line with all the Bronze Age business at Stonehenge—a real blood offering. One of us, usually my husband, is in the wrong place when the air shoves the screwdriver out of the screw slot or when something makes a pipe wrench mash a finger. I have seriously considered pouring lake water or beer over the pump housing before we get to work.

Last year the rite went on for three days. No matter what we did on the first day, the pump wouldn't draw. I carried buckets and buckets of water up to the pump, where my husband poured and poured. The water all ran back into the lake as the pump sardonically chuffed and bounced on its stand.

The next day we went at it with screwdrivers and wrenches. I sat on the handle of the largest pipe wrench while my husband wrestled with a second one on the same joint. Every valve and gasket had to be checked and every bit of rust scraped and poked out. We wrenched everything back together and flipped the switch. The blasted thing still sucked air. To top it off, the weather turned cold and rainy, making the wet sneakers even wetter as we squirmed around under the camp.

Page 20 . . .

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**Medicine For The Hills**  
by Dr. Michael LaCombe

### Lessons from a Patient

Fifteen years ago this year I quit smoking. Searching for inspiration to do so in the highest of places, I found my help from a more humble source. It was during my internship year.

Beginning one's life as a doctor in a large medical center is both exciting and frightening. One starts internship as though in a canoe edging toward a maelstrom. The chaos encountered exceeds all imagination. Whirled about by the forces of illness and emergency, one wishes for calmer waters, remembering wistfully how very placid they once were. The first day of internship is deceptively calm. Nameless dignitaries smile in welcome, their words falling in pieces:

"You are a select group. This year will be your most unforgettable one. In our teaching program you are the focus of patient care, all orders will go through you, no one else, not the patient's private doctor, not the chief of medicine, may write orders on your patients. Turn to your resident for help. Get consults often. Enjoy the front line of medicine. Good luck to all of you."

Not one of us eighteen new interns eagerly charged out the door to fight disease. Each of us had the same thought, each convinced that he alone held the fear: "What if I kill somebody?"

Such was the genius of this teaching program. The new intern, certain he was alone and forced to think, to be exact, to guard against mistakes, was unknowingly watched like a two-year-old taking his first step.

"Hi. I'm the new intern."

"Obviously," said X-3's head nurse.  
"The doctor's office is next door down."

I swung the door open to an empty room. Desk-chairs scattered around in reckless abandon, journals thrown everywhere, empty coffee cups and full ashtrays, and the stale aroma of tobacco and coffee recalled an old aphorism uttered by a cleaning lady in medical school: "Doctors is pigs."

I lit a Marlboro, poured a cup of coffee, and was suddenly burst in upon by a

charging bear. Wiesner, a mixture of police sergeant and grizzly bear, my resident and immediate supervisor, grunted, squeezed my hand, bummed a cigarette, and squinting out the window, began:

"X-3's got forty beds. They're all full. Fred and I divided up the patients last night. You and I got twenty-one. He and the other 'tern have the rest. Let's go around.

"Mrs. Washington's got P.A. I know it, she knows it, we all know it, but the hematology boys want a bone marrow. That's Mrs. Franklin; she's psychotic, but there are no beds in the psych wing. Mrs. Roosevelt has congestive failure. Over there, we call her Betty Boo, senile dementia, nobody knows her last name. Charlene here, hi, honey, Charlene's got acute nephritis. The renal fellow wants to do a kidney biopsy. If you see him snooping around, let me know, and I'll ram that biopsy needle up his ass. Viola here used to be a junkie, but you aren't anymore, are you, honey? She's getting over hepatitis."

And so it went. A bewildering array of twenty-one indigent patients, all women, most of them black, few with any family caring about what happened to them.

"You have medical clinic one afternoon a week. Your day is Wednesday. Otherwise, you belong up here with your patients. And today is Wednesday."

Medical clinic. The interns hated it for the time it took from ward work. Medical clinic was the university's answer to poverty before the era of Medicaid. Twelve patients were scheduled every fifteen minutes in an afternoon. Each patient with a medical record the size of *War and Peace*. None of the patients took their medicines properly. For many of them, this visit to the doctor was the social event of the month. And it was there, at the time of my last appointment on the first day of medical clinic, that Walter Patterson, panhandler, part-time windowdresser, fisherman, and philosopher, walked into my life.

"Hi, Mr. Patterson. I'll be your new doctor."

"Well, they gave me a doctor that smokes. Good. Dr. Kornberg was death on cigarettes."

"I guess," I said weakly, "we all have our vices."

"Well, I come in every month or so to

refill my prescriptions, but really just to talk, mostly. Dr. Kornberg liked a good fishing story."

"Good. I like to fish, too."

"Is that right, boy? You ever been down to Oatka Creek? Do you know where the old dam is past Scottsville? Where the bank's undercut, I caught a beautiful brown trout . . ."

"Where the hell have you been?" Wiesner said. "Talking to a patient! You don't talk to patients - you just write out their prescriptions. You missed sign-out rounds. You've got two admissions. And you're presenting Charlene to Wild Bill tomorrow."

Wild Bill smiled thinly.

"We don't smoke on professor's rounds, LaCombe. While you're putting that out, start the history, and we'll go to the bedside. I prefer to present the case at the bedside."

I began: "This is the first SMH admission for this seventeen year-old black girl . . ."

We charged down to x-ray, part of the hospital's double-time atmosphere.

"You didn't do too badly," Wiesner was saying, "but don't smoke in front of Wild Bill again, and not in front of Large Larry either. After we look at the films, you take a look at the admission in the E.R., then page me."

"Yes, hi, Don - have you got X-3's films?"

"Could we also see a chest film on Walter Patterson from the medical clinic?" I asked.

"Is he yours?" Dr. Sun spun around. "Quite a case."

He tossed the film up on the view box. "Big cancer sitting under the aortic arch... Here, you can see it better on the lateral views."

Wiesner was looking at me. I was biting down hard.

"The saving grace, if there is one," Dr. Sun went on, "is that when that cancer

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eats through the aorta, he's dead in a hurry."

"Do I tell him, Paul?"

"If he asks," Wiesner said, "you tell him. Never lie to your patients. In fact, never lie."

Paul had quit the seminary to go to medical school.

"Do I tell him, Bob?"

"Geez, I don't know," Hamill answered. "I guess I'd want to know."

"Yeah, but he's such a happy-go-lucky guy, a . . . you know, a free-spirit. I would hate to change that."

"I guess he has a right to know," Bob said. "Besides, you're really all he's got. He's got to be able to trust you."

"Do I tell him, Dr. Morgan?"

"Of course you tell him," Wild Bill answered.

"How are you, Mr. Patterson?"

"Listen, boy, I've been coming here for four months . . . my friends call me Pat . . . you call me Pat. What do the x-rays show, boy?"

Pat was direct.

"Lung cancer," I murmured.

Pat's face changed. All the lines softened. He nodded. I was trying hard not to

cry. His voice softened as well.

"I guess it won't do any good to stop smoking now."

"No."

Silence. I looked at him. His jaws, his temples, were working. Then the spark returned to his eyes. He slammed his foot down, pumped my hand, and said,

"Thanks, boy. Thanks for telling me. The bastards will pay me in advance now."

"What do you mean?"

"Window dressing, boy. This is my big season. Sibley's, McCurdy's, they'll have to pay me in advance for this year's Christmas work."

I ventured a smile. He chuckled. We erupted. He banged on the table, overjoyed at the ace he held. The clinic nurse looked in to see if we were all right.

The weeks went by. Pat came to clinic once a week to talk mostly.

"How are you doing, Pat?"

"I feel the same, boy. I'm ready. Unlike Frost, I've kept all my promises. One thing bothers me, though. I don't like the thought of lying there dead in my apartment and nobody finding me."

"Tell you what. I'll give you a buzz every night before I leave the hospital . . . just to see how you are."

"That'd be nice, boy. That'd be nice."

"Pat, how are your spirits?"

"You mean with the death sentence staring at me? I've had a good life, boy. Not as long as most, but better than most. I'm in demand every Christmas for my window dressing. I've gotten to love poetry. And there isn't a brown trout anywhere I couldn't catch. I guess if I had it to do over again, I'd fish more, yes, fish more, but I'd worry about things less, and speak my feelings more, and, boy, . . . I wouldn't smoke."

Each night I would call, it would ring once, and Pat would say, "I'm fine, boy. Thanks." Then he'd hang up.

At the end of a long day several weeks hence, I tried him just once more. He's probably working late at Sibley's. I thought, please, God, let him be working late at Sibley's, please, God, not yet.

"Morning, Bob."

"Hi, Mike. Wiesner's looking for you."

Paul was in x-ray looking at films. He turned, put his hand on my shoulder and squeezed very hard, so hard that it hurt.

"Pat's dead," he said.

## Did You Ever Wonder . . .

- ...why there are so many different size tubes of toothpaste? And which is larger: Family, Economy, or Large?
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- ...why the people in diet product ads have no need whatsoever to lose weight?
- ...why pens run out of ink only when you need them most?
- ...how products which claim to color only the gray know *which* hairs are gray? And which are male or female follicles?
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## Backpacking

by Jane Chandler

*"I love to go a-wandering,  
along the mountain paths.  
And as I go, I love to sing,  
my knapsack on my back."*

This familiar song aptly describes the feeling I get when I put all my "necessary" items into my pack, and head out on foot. It's good to get away from the normal routine for a while. There is no better place as far as I am concerned than the woods, by a waterfall or a stream, or on a mountaintop.

I love to just sit by the waterfall: listening to the sounds of the water gurgling, splashing, and spraying; watching the field mouse and the chipmunk scamper about; smelling the fresh earth and the pine needles underneath my foot and over my head. Maine is a great state, so why not head out and enjoy it?

Backpacking usually means carrying everything you need on your back and spending at least one night out in the "wilds." The wilds of the woods are probably safer than the cities or towns some of us live in. Backpacking doesn't have to take long periods of time, although it may be an extended trip. I find it a very satisfying feeling knowing that everything I need for survival is loaded on my back. And if what I need isn't there, I will make do without it.

I enjoy walking, setting my own pace, hiking up inclines, over ledges and under trees. The top of the mountain or a rocky ledge is a great reward. It's nothing tangible that I can take home with me. I can't even capture the essence of my feelings on film with my camera. I am reminded of Yertle the Turtle who wanted to be master of all that he could see. I feel in control of all that I can see. The communities spread out below me -and their problems and concerns seem so small, so unimportant. It's a peaceful feeling, an awe-inspiring feeling. Harmony, I think, is a key word when being with nature. God made the earth. And it is our responsibility to care for it and it will care for us. Harmony with the elements seems to fit the best way to survive, especially if the environment seems a bit harsh. If I am caught in a big rain-storm or thundershower, I listen to the animals, I look at how the plants adapt and I imitate their style. A cave or a natural shelter may be the best way to spend some time reflecting on life, while waiting for the heaviest part of the storm to pass.

Some planning does need to go into the trip before setting out on foot. Planning won't stop all difficulties, but it will help you have a more enjoyable time. It

Page 18 ...

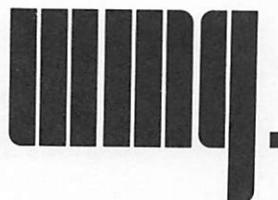
**"FRIENDS DON'T LET FRIENDS  
DRIVE DRUNK"**

As graduation approaches once again  
Think what it would be like to lose your best  
friend.  
Imagine the guilt you would have to bear,  
The loss you would feel, times never again to  
share.  
Perhaps you could have prevented his death,  
after all you were his best friend,  
If only you'd have known how the night  
would end.  
You must have known that he was drunk,  
his behavior was erratic,  
Why didn't you try harder to reason with him,  
why weren't you more emphatic?  
He had all of the classic signs of someone  
intoxicated,  
Little did you know, in a very short time,  
his life would be eradicated.  
But he was your friend so you let him go,  
you didn't want his wrath,  
Now all you have to remember him by is his  
graduation photograph.  
The whole senior class, 200 strong, had decided  
on the celebration,  
The next night they would march to "Pomp and  
Circumstance," at their graduation.  
You'd all worked hard on this chemical free  
party, "A Safe Graduation '83,"  
The press had picked up on it and applauded you  
thoroughly.  
the bumper stickers were late in arriving, but  
perhaps they'd be here tomorrow,  
Never did any of you dream of the soon-to-be  
tragedy and sorrow.  
At least you did ask him to give you his keys,  
and told him not to drive,  
If only he had listened to you he still might be  
alive.  
You all heard the crash and saw the flames,  
there was no doubt who it was  
You heard the sirens and saw the blue lights  
And all of you knew the cause.  
The State Police said they'd never seen anything  
worse.  
Someone called for the coroner, another for the  
hearse.  
You stared at his lifeless body and the remains  
of his Chevette,  
Then you saw something else you never in your  
life will forget,  
For scattered around the wreckage, from a  
cardboard box in his trunk  
Were 200 bumper stickers proclaiming:  
"Friends Don't Let Friends Drive Drunk."

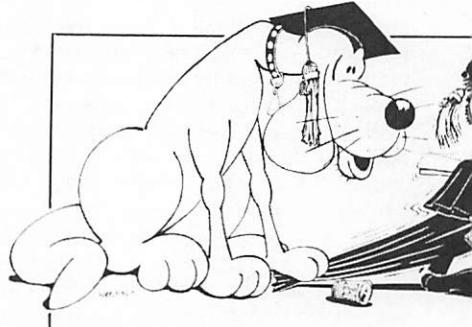
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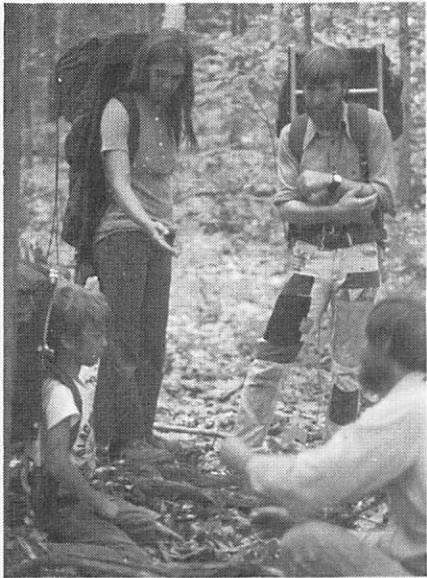
*Western Maine Graphics and BitterSweet urge you to support a substance-free summer*



# FRIENDS...FOR LIFE

**PROJECT GRADUATION**

DATOH (Drug and Alcohol Team of Oxford Hills)



Previous page, Tommy Greene of Bethel admires a beautiful waterfall on Spruce Mt., Woodstock. Above, Greg & Den Corrin start the fire as Fay Corrin & Jim Chandler look on.

**It's a satisfying feeling knowing that everything you need for survival is loaded on your back.**

is important to leave some sort of itinerary with friends and with the National Forest Service—just for your own protection. Leave enough time in your planning to savor an unexpected sight when you might happen upon one.

How many should go on the trip with you? That is a question only you and your friends can answer. The Appalachian Mountain Club suggests no more than 12 in a group both to protect the environment and to be able to stay together. Every book I've read says don't go alone. Yet I have and I love it for that solitude, that peace of mind I can get with time to think by myself. It is a fantastic sport to share with family, friends, or office mates to build trust and cooperation. By working through difficulties together in the natural environment, trust is built up that carries over past the few days actually spent together. Sometimes that support is only encouraging the other person to continue. Yet that encouragement is remembered.

Light weight is essential when deciding what to carry. Equally important is enough supplies to meet unexpected situations. The happy balance comes with practice, discovering what you really need for a certain length of time in the woods and comfortable weight to be carried on your back.

Probably the two most important pieces of equipment are the pack and your boots. The backpack with either an internal frame (the aluminum supports are inside the cloth) or an external frame is good for distributing the weight more evenly over the back and shoulders. The pack doesn't have to be the newest model of L.L. Bean's. But it should fit the contours of your back comfortably, allowing enough room to put the essentials for the trip: tent or tarp, sleeping bag, food, and clothes.

Good boots are a must. Remember you are depending on your feet for secure footing over uneven terrain. Boots that come up over the ankles give extra support, helping to prevent the twisted or sprained ankle. If the boots are new, break them in by wearing them around before going on a backpacking trip. No one likes blisters on the feet.

Some sort of shelter must be carried in. The Appalachian Trail has many wooden lean-to shelters spaced at about a day's journey apart. But please don't depend on them—the Maine woods have become quite popular in the summer and early fall, so many of these camping areas are crowded. A lightweight, back-packing tent is ideal because of its weight, size, and amount of protection from the weather and the bugs; but it is expensive. A tarp is another possibility. It can be draped over some poles or tree branches and provide the necessary shelter from the elements.

Food can be specially-packaged dehydrated foods. All you have to do is add water and cook. They are also expensive and relatively bland. Much can be prepared at home or purchased at the local grocery store. Also remember that canned goods keep foods without refrigeration, but they add quite a bit of weight and must be carried out as well. Pack at least one extra day's worth of food to allow for the unexpected. Remember to pack nutritious snacks that

can be eaten at intervals along the way. A lot of calories are burned up while hiking and appetites are larger than usual—plan accordingly with plenty of food. Plan to bring something to carry water in. Most places near us have plenty of water, yet there are long stretches of trail without access to water.

It would probably be wise to carry a small *portable stove* and fuel for that stove. Many well used trails have a shortage of firewood. If you are planning to build fires, be sure to have a fire permit from the National Forest Service. At some times of the year it is not safe to have any kind of campfire. If a cooking fire is used, please exercise all kinds of caution, both when building the fire and when extinguishing it. Necessary utensils include silverware, a plate or bowl, a cup for water, and one pan to cook in—that is all.

*U.S.G.S. Topographical maps* are very important to pack for the trip. Not only do they show you distances, they show steepness of slopes, direction brooks and streams flow, wet sections or swamps, cleared fields, and public roads. It might make sense to get the Topo maps for the surrounding areas as well as the map for the exact area you intend to hike. Another source of maps is the A.M.C. (Appalachian Mountain Club) Guidebooks. They are particularly useful when you are climbing on some section of the trail. They also include trail descriptions of many other mountains.

Don't forget the *compass* and know how to use it. Enough said.

*Matches* are vital.

*Clothes* are the one item usually over-packed. It makes sense to have something for warm weather and something for colder weather. Wool socks are useful for keeping feet warm, even when wet. And a lightweight wool jacket should also be packed. Weather in Maine can get cold quickly and you should be prepared.

A *sleeping bag* is important to bring, no matter what the weather.

A good *first aid kit* is essential as you might be quite a distance from help when an injury occurs. You can put your own together just as well as buying one all made up.



Left to right, above: Joshua Bucker, Bethel; Stacy Edwards, Bryant Pond; Jeremy & Dan Patten, Bethel, on a wilderness hike. Photos by Jane Chandler & Den Corrin.

*Low Impact Camping* is a catch word for changing the environment as little as possible and returning it to its previous condition after you leave. Staying to the trails helps to protect the undergrowth for all to see. Wherever you go, plan ahead and be respectful of others using the same spaces. Age should play no factor in your decision to backpack. I know of an 80 year old woman who hiked the entire Appalachian Trail from Maine to Georgia. And I also know the Wilderness Experience Trip Den Corrin of Bryant Pond took with four and five year old Head Start students. More important would be examining your physical condition, using that to guide the choice of where to backpack.

If you want a break this summer, find some time and some friends and go. The possibilities are endless; there are many trails throughout this region and plenty of "big" backyards people don't mind sharing. Find out for yourself the beauty of the great outdoors.

## MID JUNE

These dawnings come so early in the day.  
I woke up smiling at the morning star  
Just out my casement window wound ajar,  
And then the golden sunshafts came my way.  
Having a room that faces toward the West  
My children slept. My old ones slumbered on.  
Time had not chimed its waking carillon  
And they were dreaming dreams that they  
loved best.

Here, with my Eastern view, I watch the sea  
Coming and going, never quite the same,  
Sun-sprinkled dazzles with a sequin name  
Stitched on a tide as blue as fleur de lis.  
Waking so early gives me great delight.  
I thank the Lord for one more blessed night.

Sarah Bridge Graves  
Saco

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**... Page 11 Food For Thought**

In the same wet sneakers we returned the next day loaded with new gaskets and fresh resolve. At least dismantling the perverse thing was easier this time since we'd broken all the joints once already. Knuckles and tempers equally bruised, we went at it, or rather, my husband did and I went to get things, pretending to be useful. This time the water tank began to fill—and stay filled. Anyone who thinks this was a victory has not lived in the country and tried to keep antiquated machinery ticking.

For the rest of the summer we cussed and tinkered and cussed some more. Once, at three in the morning, the pump's not shutting off woke us and we wound up under the camp waving flashlights. A low voice muttered from up near the floor stringers, "Ain't self sufficiency great!" My husband swears he didn't say it. I know the pump is eyeing us like a diver from inside his helmet. Maybe we should have immolated a few wrenches in front of it. I don't think it likes heifers.

After the kind of ordeal that truly tests the ability to survive up here, the only possible meal is a large thick steak. I cooked one on the final day of last spring's go-round with the infamous pump. A pure protein shot repairs everything except the bashed knuckles—even the bashed tempers. We have discovered this about steak after years of misunderstanding the proper time to eat one. Now we know in our wisdom that serious psychic energy drain demands stern and immediate remedy. Only steak will do.

How to cook a steak is a personal issue with most of us, and many will defend their own method with the same fervor as their theology. We used to be of the persuasion that it was heresy to use anything but salt and pepper and a hot frypan or charcoal. Our conversion came on a trip through France when we experienced one of the most traumatic jolts of our collective lives. The car we were travelling in caught fire and burned. We barely got ourselves and the luggage out. That night by some unspoken agreement, everyone involved ordered STEAK, pungent with the marvelous herbs of southern France and cooked over a wood fire. Few meals have tasted better.

So now, repenting of our earlier misconceptions, we usually concoct some kind of herb mixture to either brush on a steak just before cooking or to use as a marinade. What pleases us most is as follows: (amount depending on the size of the meat) olive oil, Dijon mustard, a crushed garlic clove, and fresh thyme and rosemary. Brush it on the steak and let the meat sit for about an hour, then cook whatever cut you have chosen in whatever way you choose.

A second favorite way to deal with a steak is to cook it "au poivre," or with crushed peppercorns. Steak au poivre looks French on anybody's menu, and unfortunately, most people seem to feel that if a recipe is French, it is difficult, or at least profound. This is neither. There are a number of variations for cooking this dish, and we have evolved our own compromise. My husband is the specialist here, so I am merely writing what he tells me. He uses crushed green peppercorns (dry), not the black ones, because the green ones are milder. It's nice to taste the meal instead of having one's tongue burn out at the first bite. Pound the crushed peppercorns into the steak, then put a little olive oil into an iron skillet and cook the steak to your preference. Remove the steak and deglaze the pan with a little brandy or cognac, or whatever is handy. The sauce can be touched off with a match at this point as well. Pour the juices from the pan over the steak and serve it. There are more complicated versions of this recipe in almost any respectable cookbook, but we have sacrificed some of the flourishes for speed. We use this method whenever emergency protein on short notice is required.

In these days of general belt-tightening all 'round, steak is more the treat than it once was I think. How much better to save it for a spiritual or even physical emergency when only protein will restore the inner person.

*Lucia Owen*



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**de-sign** (di'zīn) to make a drawing, pattern or sketch; to draw the plans for; to create, fashion, execute, or construct according to plan.

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# Folk Tales

A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

Diane Kruchkow

Small Press News & Reviews from New Sharon

Diane Kruchkow is a modern expatriate. But, instead of leaving the United States for Europe, as the expatriates of the '20's and '30's did, Diane has left Cambridge and the center of idealism it bred in the '60's and '70's for a home and career in the woods of Maine.

New Sharon is a tiny rural community between the "big towns" of Farmington and Norridgewock ("the home of 3000 friendly people"). Along its narrow roads are little businesses and cottage industries galore. Diane Kruchkow—in her ramshackle farmhouse on 5½ acres of land—is no exception.

Diane's industry—the *Stony Hills* small press review and monthly *Small Press News* is publishing that reaches out to the rest of the country—rather like Fitzgerald, Hemingway and Stein in the old Paris days.

Her own idealism still intact (the *Stony Hills* masthead quotes John Lennon's "You may say I'm a dreamer but I'm not the only one"), Diane Kruchkow states that printed material is meant to be a "mental and spiritual refuge" with a concern for human existence its primary goal.

Independently published works ought to change the world, she says. This is a direct line from all those underground newspapers and mimeographed poetry journals which used to be on every college campus. It is also a deliberate anti-intellectualism which thumbs its nose at "big" publishers and their reluctance to invest in the new, the simple, or the unusual—whether it be elitist or working class. To the small press community, a writer is one who writes, and a publisher is one who puts out a publication—even if it's printed in someone's cellar. And that's a fast-growing field.

Diane Kruchkow graduated from U.N.H. in 1969, with a major in English Literature, a minor in Philosophy, and a membership in Phi Beta Kappa. She did graduate work at Oxford University in England

and taught at U.N.H. for a time—even starting her own small press magazine there. *Zahir* is a poetry journal which she still edits.

Her first stay in Maine was in 1972, where she met mate Ted Gay. More time in Massachusetts followed, during which her contact with the small press movement grew. She became co-founder and coordinator of NESPA (New England Small Press Association) and a board member of the national COSMEP (Committee of Small Magazine/Press Editors and Publishers). In 1977 she started *Stony Hills*—intending it to be a small press review of just New England.

"No one was doing true literary criticism," she says. "They were mostly reporting, not examining." Additionally, with the occasional exception of *The New York Times*, no one was writing very much about the small press.

She saw the need and she filled it. That need quickly expanded, and by 1981 *Stony Hills* was national, writing about Kerouac and Ginsberg and Meribel LeSueur; and becoming a vital link in what Diane sees as "the flow of things."



Through her NESPA connections, she got in on the periphery of the Maine Writers and Publishers Alliance, and soon she and Ted moved themselves and all the cartons full of their extensive small press library to their Maine farmhouse—the ultimate "handyman's special."

Here Diane Kruchkow tries to order her priorities. She has three publications under her wing now, and she's learned by experience how to handle layout, edit copy, use graphics, make her own mistakes. In addition, there is now the subsistence: the garden, the woodpile, the extensive house repair—and teaching English composition at the University of Maine in Farmington. Diane obviously likes responding to challenges. "You find the limits to what you can handle," she says, "but you try your best and you expand your strengths at the same time."

The editor attempts always to have a balanced perspective on printed material from all over the country. Whenever she can, she uses guest editors and reviews. All her publications seem to keep a dialogue going between writers, readers, and reviewers, on all levels of the small press movement.

She has seen the movement grow in its professionalism and marketing techniques: better printing, good art, square bindings. Publishers who want to change the world must be noticed first—and it would be nice to pay for the printing costs, too. It never has been easy to make a living writing, but Diane gives valuable exposure to independent publications.

In her mid-thirties, she has evolved an "alternative lifestyle" where her youthful ideals have grown into a career. And with the house, land, and neighbors she has found in Maine, Diane Kruchkow believes that her life is "the way things ought to be."

N.M.



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## Schuyler Mott Moving to Paris For The Love of Books-n-Things



Seven years ago, Schuyler Mott was the director of one of the largest library systems in New Jersey.

In New Jersey, Schuyler's time was taken up less with helping readers than with dealing with trustees and other frustrating activities. When his wife Connie said, "Let's go up and open a bookstore in Maine," he was ready to try.

Long before he actually resigned from the Ocean County Library, however, Schuyler took a few precautionary steps. He talked to the Oxford Hills Area Development Corp.; gathered info from Paris Hill neighbors Bill Ashton and Bob Bahre; and did an informal market survey of the Norway-Paris area. He also put some money into renovation of part of the family home.

Never sold by his mother's family since it was built in 1826, "The Orchard" had only been rented by friends or lived in summers for some time. Once it seemed as if it could be livable, he made his move.

When the Motts arrived for good in July of 1977, they still weren't sure if the area could sustain a bookstore of its own, but they were willing to take the risk. (The success of the then-new Maurice Restaurant Français encouraged Schuyler.) Their original concept of "a little shop on Norway Main Street" quickly changed, he says, to a slightly bigger, classier operation in the shopping center Bahre was building along Route 26.

Barely ready the day after Thanksgiving for their pre-Christmas-season opening, the Motts' "Books-n-Things" store was an immediate success—taking in an unheard-of \$900 the first day!

Part of the bookstore's success lay in the Motts' pre-marketing. They sold, for instance, a new line of cards that didn't compete with any sold elsewhere in the area. And Books-n-Things soon became known for their books on antiques and their willingness to special-order whatever their customers might want.

"Special orders and personal service are an advantage of a small bookstore," Mott

says. However, he admits it's a service that takes a lot of work and doesn't really pay for itself, in terms of shipping and labor costs.

He still loves providing books for his customers—even if that means taking a little risk on whether the books will sell. Customers have praised his wide selection and have been amazed at being able to find books—on Mayan art and Serbo-Croatian language, for example—that they couldn't find, even in New York City. That selection was often due to Schuyler's library background, though for the past few years (since Connie's untimely death), he hasn't been doing the ordering. He speaks great praise of manager Terrie Starbird for her capable book-sense.

What did Schuyler Mott discover about doing business here? He was surprised to discover the sophistication and comparative wealth of people dwelling in the woods of Maine. Yet Books-n-Things has become a mainstay of all levels of the population over the past six years. Books on Maine are the most popular, along with cookbooks, children's books, and "how-to" books. But the bookstore carries a wide range, from art to religion, from Poe to poetry, from Gothic romance to Garfield.

How has inflation affected the business? Mott says, "Average book prices didn't go up as fast as texts and coffee-table books. But the \$1.95 paperback disappeared. Now they're \$2.50-\$4.95." He is disturbed by the necessity of throwing (or giving) away paperbacks which don't sell—the publishers want only the covers back and the waste of paper appalls him.

The risk in book-selling also lies in the low profit percentage, and the occasional need to send unsold books back to the publisher, often for only 80% refund.

Schuyler says small press publications (like Diane Kruchkow serves) are becoming more and more important: "They fulfill a need big publishers won't handle." Though a hit-or-miss proposition to deal with small press people who might carry only one or two titles, and who aren't listed in the bookshop resource guide, *Books In Print*; he finds them especially valuable for books of local interest.

These days, Schuyler Mott is changing his focus slightly. He has remarried—his wife Wini owns "The Haunted Bookshop"

for old books on Paris Hill. They have merged a family that contains his daughter Nancy and Wini's children Teresa and Peter Drag, as well as several pets and several pianos!

And much of his time is spent on many library boards—such as the American Library Association, the Maine Library Trustees Association, the Hamlin Library on Paris Hill. He is president of the Maine Library Association, and a gubernatorial appointee on the Maine Library Committee (not to mention his Country Club and Chamber of Commerce work).

Schuyler Mott is spending 1983 on issues of concern such as anti-censorship and legislation to fund public libraries. Few of us realize that, since the days of LBJ, no money for books or library construction has come from the federal Library Services and Construction Act—only special services—or that the State of Maine spends only 10¢ per person on libraries.

Because of all his other activities, Books-n-Things is now for sale, but its founder will continue his life for love of books and readers.

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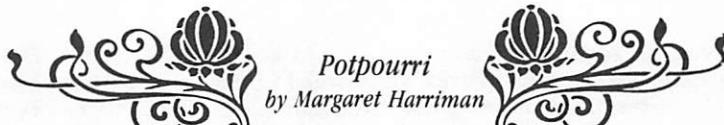
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**BOOKS • N • THINGS**



*Potpourri*  
by Margaret Harriman

Lovely June, traditionally the month for brides. It holds all the promise of the seasons to follow. I would think marriage to be kin to gardening. We reap that which we sow, carefully tending, and plucking the weeds which spring up continually along the way.

Most of Spring's hardest work should be behind us now; root crops in and coming up, seedlings planted the latter part of May. There is still plenty of time for setting out new ones, however.

Check your tulips for any signs of virus infections, which show up in striped or feathered flowers. If you do find a problem, dig up and discard the bulbs, as the virus will spread to other susceptible plants.

Prune shrubs, such as forsythia, spiraea, mock orange, deutzia and weigela immediately after flowering; also cut off lilac seed pods.

This is the month to look after your roses. Spray and dust regularly. Trim hedges the latter part of this month. When laying out a new flower bed, for ease in planning the shape, lay out a garden hose for your pattern, it's interesting to have a crescent, curve or scalloped shape rather than straight lines, mark the pattern with your spade and dig in—saves on mistakes and makes things easier. Being just a little over the hill myself, I'm all for making gardening just a little easier.

Seeds of perennials and biennials should

be sown now for starting new plants for next spring.

Cultivate and fertilize asparagus beds after the last cutting has been made.

Move house plants outdoors; bury the pots to the rim in sand or gravel. Fertilize regularly and re-pot when necessary.

If you enjoy dried flowers, try growing your own. Annuals, which you may plant from seed or buy as seedlings are celosia, Bells of Ireland, statice and straw flowers. Dusty Miller is good for foliage. Perennials which may also be started from seed or purchased as seedlings are lunaria (silver dollar), globe thistle, Chinese Lanterns, teasel, artemesia, yarrow, tansy, baby's breath and German Statice. Delphinium and Loostrife also dry nicely.

Remember to plant your perennials in full or at least partial sun. Not very many of these will tolerate much shade.

Wild flowers to pick for drying should be ready any time now. They are rabbit's foot clover, yellow hop clover, late pussy toes and yarrow. Dry all of these by hanging upside down, in bunches in a dry, fairly dark and airy place. Always cut your flowers for drying when they are free from dew or dampness, and not quite in full bloom.

I find it convenient to always carry scissors, a knife, spade (the fold-up ones take up less room) and trash bags in my car. They are as important to me as the spare tire and first-aid kit.

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M'Lou & Peter Terry

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# Wrecks & Memories on the Grand Trunk by John R. Davis

## Part VIII

Widow Merrill's crossing ahead, and Maynard tugs on the whistle cord to warn approaching motorists. Hopefully there will be none like on the return run of the foliage train in 1976. A bright sun had left us with more daylight reaching here on that trip than this and I was sitting back on third unit scanning the southside portion of the right-of-way in search of landmark clues that might identify the locations in some old photographs. The whistlepost came into view, and the engineer, Alec Boutin, started whistling for the crossing.

Little more than an engine-length from it, a pickup truck started going across in front of us, and a small red car behind it was ready to follow. Alec had to "soak it" (dumping the air for a full emergency brake application.) The pickup barely got across as the front of Alec's engine went over the crossing. The little red car came so close to the edge of the track before it stopped that, in disbelief of it not being struck as the second unit also went over the crossing, I pulled in the armrest and aligned my eye straight down the cabside for the BiCentennial unit going over the crossing. That red car's front bumper was in underneath the engineframe! The woman behind the wheel was either too terrified to move, or if it was a standard transmission, smart enough not to have touched the clutch and attempted backing up, for the slightest roll forward would have made contact with the engine steps or some part of the train's undercarriage. It took the distance equal to the train's length, nearly a third of a mile, to achieve a complete stop, and when the rear end of that last coach cleared the crossing, that little red car was in gear and gone! Contrary to popular belief, a train moving at thirty to forty miles an hour cannot be stopped on a dime, even by "soaking it."

Twilight diminishes rapidly as the train moves along the Oxford Plains—

the massive grandstand at the Speedway mute and dark after a long summer of screaming fans cheering on their favorites and watching local drivers blossom into serious contenders for the major trophies. Few, if any, recall that at one time in the 1930's, the great plains themselves were in serious contention among the sites being studied for a huge military air installation. Below the County Regional airport on the northside, where the woods are thick, a deer moves from out of the brush scarcely a hundred feet ahead and dashes down the side of the track, as if pacing the train's speed, then abruptly turns, flag high, and leaps over to the opposite side and vanishes. Maynard thinks the buck would dress out around two hundred and has Harold finished his sandwich yet. Exchanging seats, Harold hopes that this was the only one we'll see this evening.

As we were coming back in the late afternoon with a Gorham Gallivant run several seasons ago, a young deer bounded across the spot where the highway on the southside veers off toward Welchville in front of us and into the road. Luckily, no vehicles were in sight, for he kept on going up the far embankment full tilt, right into a wire fence, striking it so hard it actually knocked him back into the road. But he got up, unhurt, and charged right back at it again, only to receive the same treatment. That time the deer got up and did a slow trot to the fence and was following along it looking for an opening as we moved out of view.

The train slows for its transit through Mechanic Falls. Prior to the time Chisholm built his connecting link between here and Danville, the depot of the old Buckfield Branch Railroad and its successor companies was located opposite the Grand Trunk station, occupying a portion of the Atlantic's old terminus for theirs, and requiring a trackage agreement for crossing the river to reach it. In the earlier days the Buckfield line occasionally operated their trains right into Portland under a similar agreement, but the frequent periods the Buckfield company



Danville Junction. Photo by Bill Robertson, Westbrook

ceased operations entirely for months at a time made it impractical for the Grand Trunk to continue such arrangements.

Ahead of us the headlight beam reveals nothing but trees off to the northside and overgrowing fields on the south where for many years Milepost 34.8 was the site of a long siding and platform without station. It was the Camp Meeting Ground, where long trains of coaches debarked thousands of the nation's youth enroute to the area's numerous summer camps, and loaded them aboard when it was over.

A doe, two fawns following her, darts out onto the track from north almost in front of the engine and stands there, eyes bright with reflection from the headlight, as the fawns, one before the other, join her side. The sigh escaping from Harold's throat is audible across the enginecab, and half-standing, he pleads with them to move, get off, go, get out'a there. Distance and time close rapidly and they are almost lost beneath our line of vision over the engine's front-end platform when the doe wheels around to leap, the movement forcing one trailing fawn into a frightened reverse twist. They barely clear the front step reaching the edge of the roadway. The other one does not come out from either side and a flashlight inspection by the pilot reveals it was swept beneath the train.

Empire Road, Lewiston Junction, pass quickly in the darkness. A stream of reflective markers for raising and lowering plow wings and ice flangers, and whistleposts flash toward us, and blink out as the headlight overtakes them. I look back at the train. The narrow, dashed line of light along the row of coach windows reflects out on the right of way as a thick bank of swirling vapor, in near diamond-shaped frames, incessantly expanding and contracting, rising and falling, no two images ever repeated exactly alike.

We're at Danville Junction yard limit. The swoosh of the windcurrents alongside the train becomes a softened swuush as momentum falls and the clickety-clack, clickety-clack, clickety-clack of the coach wheels passing over the railjoints becomes more distinctive before changing to a slowing series of clack-clack, clack-clack, clack-clack upon nearing the platform at the former depot site. The conductor's voice over the radio now calls out the spotting cadence; six cars... five...four...three cars...two...one car... stop, good, and as the passengers that boarded here this morning step down from the second coach into the small gathering that has assembled to await their return, Maynard goes to inspect the front of the engine from the ground before going over to check the board at the small train order office.

On the morning of April 7, 1869, some fifteen or twenty persons were on and about the platform of the first depot here—an imposing structure that occupied much of the area between the latter-day locations of separate grand Trunk and Maine Central stations, awaiting the eastbound passenger train. Among them was a Major Hamilton of Lewiston and a Captain Walker, the latter an employee of the railway. Both were veterans with the Maine 5th, at the moment recalling stories of their war experiences. Also waiting, on the siding, was a westbound freight drawn by engine Number 140, the Queen, its engineer inside the depot with the train's conductor, and the fireman upon the tender moving chunks of wood ahead to the forward part of the fuelbin.

Without warning, the Queen suddenly exploded, throwing the Major twenty feet headfirst, knocking Captain Walker senseless with a five foot piece of boiler iron, and sending the fireman upside down over the back of the woodpile onto the waterhatch. That no one was killed or seriously injured was nothing short of a miracle; for the two former soldiers afterward likened it to a fifteen pound cannonball exploding on the battlefield. The stack was thrown thirty feet to the west, part of the boiler was found several hundred feet away, most of the windows in the southern and eastern walls of the station shattered, the flagpole sheared off, and all within seventy-five feet of the engine were pelted by a shower of dirt, soot, hot water and minuscule bits of other debris.

Concluded next month.



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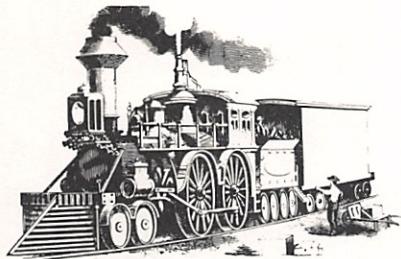
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